

## YALE ROUSED, BEATS TIGERS BY 13 TO 7

Tom Shevlin Awakens  
Old-time Spirit and  
Power of Eleven.

COSTLY FUMBLES  
BEAT PRINCETON

Crazed Throng of 65,000  
Sees Thrilling Battle  
in Great Bowl.

By HERBERT.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 13.—Yale defeated Princeton in a bumper bowl here to-day by a score of 13 to 7, and no words of tongue or pen, be they glad or sad, are needed to embellish this trite announcement in introducing the story of a football game which held sixty-five thousand men and women in thrall for the better part of two nerve-tingling hours.

The game rose from the depths of four years, took unto itself new vigor and, fairly bubbling over with fight and spirit, beat what Percy D. Houghton said one week ago was the best eleven Harvard had faced since he picked up the coaching reins at Cambridge in 1908.

Lightning does strike twice in the same place when attracted by the genius, the indomitable will and the inspiring force of Tom Shevlin. He came out of the West ten days ago, just as he did five years ago, and found a critical situation by giving the Yale eleven enough new weapons to restore confidence and to rouse flagging spirits. This game to-day was nothing more than a battle of brawn and skill and wits. It was a study in psychology.

And yet, with all credit to Yale for the fight it made, for the game it played, it must be said that the Tigers literally fumbled away their chances. As was the case one week ago against Harvard, damaging errors opened the doors wide for a Yale victory.

It seems necessary for the moment to pass over the first period, with all its thrills, to the early part of the second, when Otis Guernsey lent the first spectacular touch by making one of the longest drop kicks in the history of football. Standing beyond the center of the field, on the 52-yard line, to be exact, he drove the ball with amazing power and unerring accuracy clear between the posts. It did not rise high and float, but sailed straight and true as an arrow from a bow, hit the crossbar and bounded over.

This wonderful kick electrified the crowd and put all Yale men closer to the madhouse than they ever hope to get again. It seems necessary for another moment to pass over Guernsey's second drop kick from the 35-yard line, a touchdown by Driggs from Princeton, after a defensive stand by Yale, which will live long in memory, which put the Tigers in the lead by a score of 7 to 0, in order to reach a play that made all the difference between winning and losing.

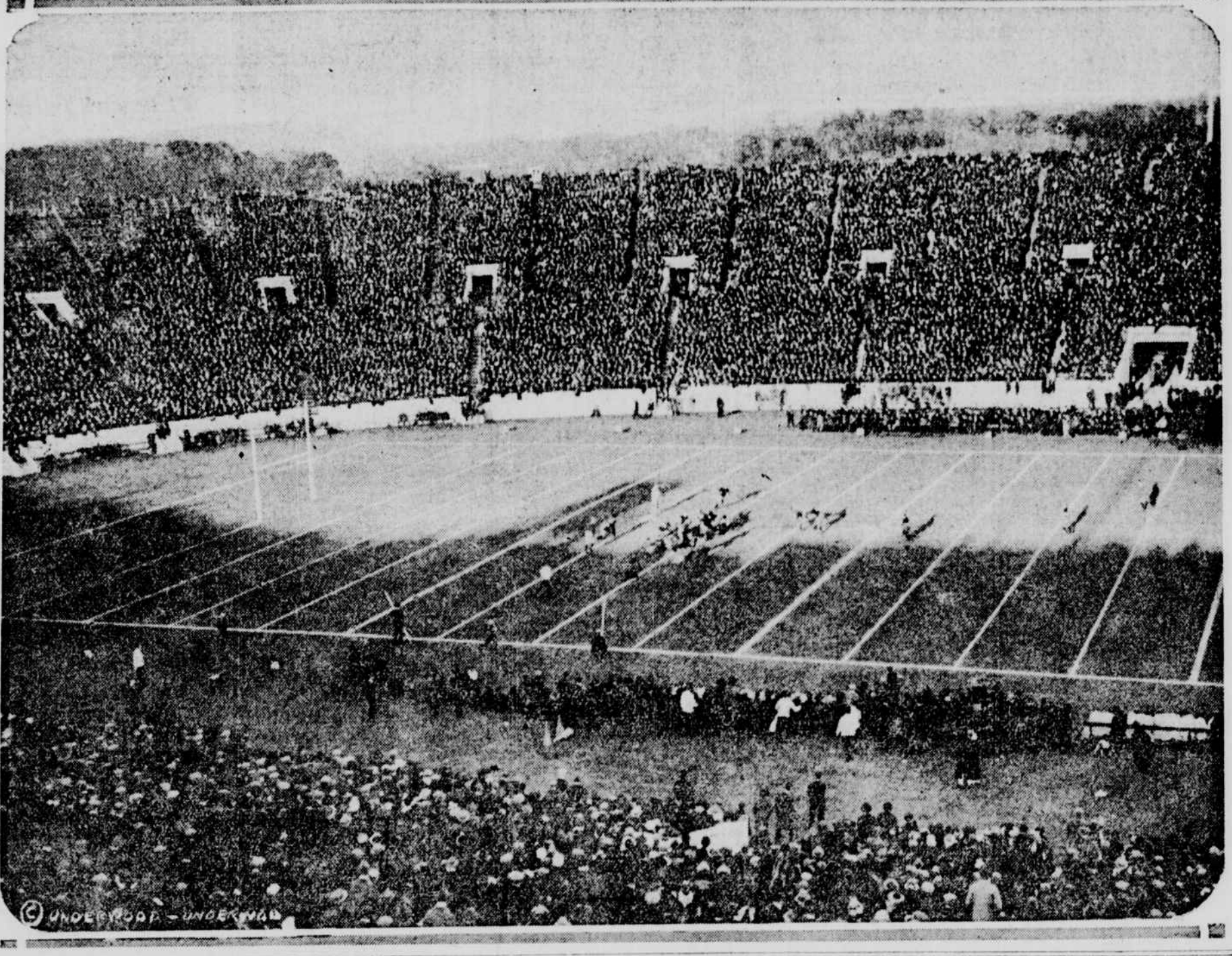
Touchdown Follows Fumble.  
The second half had hardly opened when Tibbott, furiously tackled by Captain Alec Wilson, fumbled a long booming punt from the foot of Guernsey. "Pie" Way, the baseball pitcher, was the lucky one of three Yale men who were on the ball like a flash. He snapped it up and, racing twenty yards, unsmiled, landed the ball squarely behind the Princeton goal posts for a touchdown. Guernsey kicked the goal and Yale, as it turned out, had won.

The story might end here and be a story of one of the most spectacular and wracking games ever played on a chalk marked field, but the dramatic touch was yet to come, and no drama of football ever written climbed to a more vivid and blood-tingling climax. The game was drawing to a close; the fourth period had hardly more than two minutes to run. The thousands on the Yale side were inwardly celebrating in anticipation; the thousands in the Princeton camp were hoping against hope, and then suddenly the gods of sport gave the Tigers one more chance. Otis Guernsey, whose punting had been such an asset for Yale, got off a punting drive, which carried a scant twenty yards against the wind. The ball hit the ground, bounded off to one side, was snapped up by Law, who had been substituted for Driggs, and was carried ten yards to Yale's 32-yard line.

Then Princeton opened wide its batteries and cut loose an offensive drive which bore Yale back by the sheer force of its power and cunning. Twenty-eight yards the Tigers went in eight plays, aimed at the center, off tackle or around the ends, as Captain Glick's keen brain dictated. Yale fought back and contested every inch of ground to hold a game that seemed safely won a moment before, but the Tigers were now roused to fury, and with a new lust for victory seemed irresistible. The huge bowl seethed in maddest frenzy. Faces were tense, eyes minute and loose the next. Organized cheering gave way to a rushing roar, with the followers of both teams imploring or shouting words of encouragement.

The ball finally rested on Yale's 17-yard line, and then for a moment a peculiar and ominous silence settled over the vast throng, to be broken the next by a mighty roar from the Yale side when Dickerman, who had been

## THE INSIDE OF THE BOWL—A QUARTER OF THE 65,000 WHO SAW YALE TRAMPLE PRINCETON.



UNDERSTOOD—UNDERSTAND

## AUTO KILLS CHILD; SISTER AND NURSE MORTALLY HURT

Returning, Hand in Hand,  
from Zoo, They Step in  
Front of Truck.

On their way home from Central Park yesterday afternoon Frances and Barbara Hildt, six and three years old, respectively, could talk of nothing but the funny stunts performed by Bill Snyder's animals at the usual Saturday afternoon children's matinee in the Zoo. Frances liked the camel best, but little Barbara insisted that the "deers" were nicer.

Elizabeth Becker, their nurse, was trying to be neutral toward her talkative charges, who were holding her by either hand when they stepped from the sidewalk at the southeast corner of Eighty-fifth Street to cut across Amsterdam Avenue diagonally to their home in the apartment at 200 West Eighty-sixth Street. Before they had gone ten feet into the swiftly moving maze of traffic that flows up Amsterdam Avenue the three were struck by a two-ton commercial automobile truck speeding along at twenty-five miles an hour.

Frances Hildt died in the ambulance that was taking them to Knickerbocker Hospital, and the surgeons say that Barbara and the nurse girl will die from fractured skulls and internal injuries.

Carl Martin Enrich, twenty-two years old, the chauffeur driving the truck, which was owned by Katagiri Brothers, tea and coffee merchants, of 224 East Fifty-ninth Street, was saved from possible rough treatment at the hands of several hundred spectators by the arrival of patrolmen from the West Sixty-eighth Street station. The charges of reckless driving preferred against Enrich was changed to homicide when it was learned that the oldest child was dead.

Mother Hears of Accident.

Mrs. Howard J. Hildt, mother of the children, after helping the nurse girl get them ready for their weekly visit to Central Park, went to call on friends. On her way home, soon after 5 p. m., she stopped at Schwartz's drug store, at Eighty-fifth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, where the victims of the accident had been taken to await their removal to the hospital. She heard persons in the crowded street talking about an automobile accident in which a child had been killed, but she did not stop to make any inquiries as to the details.

As soon as she entered her apartment neighbors who had witnessed the accident told her that Frances was dead and Barbara was dying. She became hysterical, and the family physician was summoned to attend her. Howard J. Hildt, the father, was detained in his Wall Street brokerage office all the afternoon.

A Hamilton woman, of 160 West Eighty-seventh Street, a witness of the accident, who was driving through Eighty-fifth Street in his automobile, was so affected by the sight of the children and nurse girl tossed in the air that he drove quickly to Central Park West, where his small child was walking with a nurse. After he had taken them home in his machine he

## Two Tuberculosis Invalids Dive, Save Man, May Die

Patients Leap from Boat Near Bellevue—One's Strength Fails in Making Rescue and Mate Aids Him. While Bystanders Are Deaf to Cries.

Scores of wasted tuberculosis victims basked yesterday on the deck of the Southfield, the old ferry boat used as a floating hospital off the Bellevue piers.

"Help! Help!" A tremor ran along the pathetic ranks. Feeble men and women tensed reluctant muscles. Again came the shout for help, half smothered now.

Shedding blankets as he ran, Oscar Poulsen, a moment before one of the listless company, sprang to the rail and plunged overboard.

Manuel Heitman, a tinsmith employed on the bulk, was struggling hopelessly in the choppy waves. It was his shrieks which had galvanized this impassive row of huddled patients.

Poulsen seized the man and the latter's hands encircled Poulsen's throat in a vise-like grip which cut off the youth's breath. He began to drag the rescuer down, and their heads slowly disappeared beneath the water.

The patients on board screamed and shouted and threw life preservers into the water. They implored the few men watching on shore to save Poulsen and Heitman. No one budged, and several of the patients got on the rail. Then

Axel Gustavson, a nineteen-year-old patient, plunged to his companion's aid. He brought up Poulsen by the hair. Heitman was unconscious, but his grip had not been broken, and Poulsen weakly lashed the water with his thin arms. Gustavson broke Heitman's grip and pulled him to the side of the boat, while Poulsen managed to get them himself.

By means of a small ladder suspended from a pier head on the Bellevue grounds, the three men managed to reach a safe spot. Emergency treatment revived the three. Hysterical and weak, Heitman stumbled toward the two youths.

"I want to thank them," he cried. But he was not permitted to go near the patients.

Dr. O'Hanlon, who had come from his office with a number of physicians, ordered that Poulsen and Gustavson be removed to the medical ward.

"Fine work, boys," he said, and patted them.

But the sudden flash of excitement that had given strength to the two men soon flickered down. In the ward where they lay last night it was reported that both were in a critical condition. Their heroic acts may cost them the lives they were striving so hard to save from the White Plague.

Poulsen, before he came to the hospital, lived at 321 East Twenty-eighth Street, and Gustavson at 161 East Thirty-fourth Street. Heitman's home is at 509 East 135th Street.

## THREE TEUTON DIPLOMATS ARE TRACKED AS SPIES

Flynn and Marshall Rush  
to Washington to Re-  
view Plot Evidence.

So acute has grown the situation with relation to the Teuton propagandists that William J. Flynn, chief of the United States Secret Service, and H. Snowden Marshall, United States District Attorney for this district, were summoned to Washington yesterday to confer with the authorities there as to their next move.

It was learned that the government officials here have amassed a considerable amount of evidence against three high officials in the Teutonic diplomatic corps. And so important is this evidence that a star chamber conference was deemed advisable before taking any steps that would lead to the presentation of the evidence to a Federal grand jury.

The evidence in the case of at least one of these diplomats indicates strongly that he has violated this country's statutes with respect to conspiracies.

Just what the next move will be will depend on the verdict of Secretary of State Lansing, with whom the Secret Service head and the United States District Attorney of this district will confer.

Dynamite on St. Louis.

Those who are watching the developments in the activities of the Teutonic agents and their sympathizers were greatly startled yesterday by the discovery of two sticks of explosive in the kit of a minor booked for passage on the American liner St. Louis.

What at first seemed like an attempt of the Teutons to blow up the St. Louis proved to be nothing more than a loyal Britisher returning to his native land to fight for his country, but who had forgotten that he had placed two sticks of dynamite in one of his grips a few days ago.

The prisoner, when taken to Police Headquarters by Captain Tunney of the bomb squad, gave his name as

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## GERMAN FOOD RIOTS SPREAD

Report That German Police Charged on Hungry Women at Dusseldorf.

London, Nov. 13.—The Amsterdam correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company sends the following:

"At Dusseldorf a recent food riot, in which crowds of women, incensed at the high prices, bombarded the markets and shops with potatoes and stones, was stopped with some difficulty by the police, who were compelled to charge the crowd, arresting a number of the participants."

## BULGARIA OPENS FOOD MARKETS TO GERMANY

Gets High Prices for Surplus of Grain and Provisions.

Berlin, Nov. 13 (via London, Nov. 14).—The Bulgarian markets have been opened to supply Germany and Austria-Hungary with grain, provisions and fodder. By an agreement just concluded between the Central Purchasing Institute of Berlin, known as the grain monopoly, and the Bulgarian authorities, the Bulgarian surplus will be at the disposal of the institute.

The first transaction covers the surplus of the 1913 maize crop, which has been purchased at a price of 30 per cent above the quotations in peace time. The first bargains already are being loaded for transportation by way of the Danube. It is stated that shipments soon will be in progress by way of the Nish-Belgrade Railroad.

## CHURCHILL WILL GO TO FRONT THIS WEEK

Will Be Major of Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.

London, Nov. 13.—Winston Churchill is leaving England Wednesday to join his regiment, the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, in which he is a major, the rank and file of his regiment being a large extent tenants of the Blenheim estate of his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough. They will show an unusually cordial sentiment toward him.

## IRISH STAY AT HOME AS ST. PAUL SAILS

750 Booked, but Many Decide Not to Risk Being Held Up.

Liverpool, Nov. 13.—The St. Paul sailed to-day with 140 saloon passengers, including John A. Agnew, J. E. Brennan, Wenceslav de la Guardia, Colonel E. E. Dravo, U. S. A.; F. J. Egan, M. P. Grace, H. Knottenbelt, Calvin Pardee and Commander M. Talsiani.

Booked to sail on the St. Paul were 750 Irish emigrants, but owing to the action of the authorities a large number of them cancelled their berths by telegram from the West of Ireland without journeying to Liverpool.

The American Line officials state that it has large bookings of Irish male emigrants of military age for future crossings. These men are applying to the Foreign Office for passports, but even on the American Line they are having the greatest difficulty in leaving the country, as they must satisfy the alien's officer before boarding the ship.

Aboard the Finland, leaving to-day, were H. Reeve Angel, Dr. Sweety Battle, Joseph de Wyckoff, Ben Nathan, Miss N. Perkins, Mrs. C. Stetson Taylor, A. C. Spencer Hess and Craig Wharton Lossworth.

## WAR LOSS PUT AT 5,000,000

Swiss Statistician Estimates Number of Dead Soldiers.

Basle, Nov. 13.—Colonel Heussler, a Swiss military statistician, calculates the total losses in killed in the present war at 5,000,000.

## AMERICAN ON ANCONA RISKED LIFE TO SAVE SHIP WITH U. S. FLAG

Survivor Describes  
Attempt to Signal  
Submarine.

PAGE RECEIVES  
ITALIAN REPORT

Only Two U. S. Citizens  
Now Missing—Rescued  
Tell Experiences.

LIFEBOATS SHELLED

Dr. Greil Verifies Captain's Report of Attack on Survivors in Water.

(By Cable to The Tribune.)

Rome, Nov. 13.—How an American gave his life in an effort to save the Ancona, with her burden of helpless women and children, when the Italian liner was being shelled by an Austrian submarine was related here to-night by Giovanni Martini, of Reggio, Calabria, one of the survivors of the disaster.

Martini's account, in the absence of any word from Vienna or Berlin, where no report on the sinking has yet been made, goes far toward substantiating the statement of the captain that the Ancona was attacked without warning and that practically no opportunity was given for saving the passengers.

When the first shell struck the Ancona, said Martini, an American, Pasquale Laurino, jumped to the rail and by waving an American flag sought to attract the attention of the submarine commander and thus prevent the shelling of the ship.

Used U. S. Flag as Signal.

"I shall never forget the courage of Laurino," declared Martini, "standing upright, he waved a large American flag in a desperate effort to save the ship by showing that there were Americans on board. I don't know what became of him. I think he was killed, as he disappeared suddenly."

The first intimation the passengers had that the ship was being shelled, Martini said, was a sound like a clap of thunder that put a sudden halt to the music of the orchestra. Then another sound was heard, a far-off whining sound, followed by a ripping noise and a woman's scream.

"At once everybody seemed to understand what was happening," said Martini, "and then pandemonium broke loose."

Aside from several other native and naturalized Americans is still in doubt, according to the report of the Italian Foreign Office to Ambassador Page to-day, Giuseppe Torrisi was rescued, but his wife, who was of the Patavio family, of New York, is still missing.

Ambassador Page Gets Report.

Thomas Nelson Page, American ambassador to Italy, has received a report from the British vice-consul at Tunis regarding the sinking of the Italian liner Ancona. It is stated in the report that the only American born person who sailed on the Ancona was Dr. Cecile L. Greil, who is in Tunis.

Ambassador Page, during his call at the Foreign Office, was also advised of the torpedoing of the liner Firenze before the official announcement was made public. This incident, following closely on the Ancona, has increased official and public indignation to an intense degree.

The most graphic account of the Ancona's sinking, and the first detailed story by an eyewitness is that of Dr. Cecile L. Greil, a New York woman, who was returning from Italy where she had been organizing volunteer nurse and relief corps for the Russian Red Cross at Bari.

Only through her ability as a gymnast did Dr. Greil escape the fate that overtook most of the women on the Ancona. She tried vainly to find a place in the boats, but there was no room. Finally she saved herself by dropping from the deck into a launch, which had already been lowered to the water.

Dr. Greil's story indicates that the torpedo which sent the Ancona to the bottom was not fired until the steamer had been riddled by shots from the guns of the submarine.

Eyewitness Story of Attack.

"I was in the dining room of the first class passengers," Dr. Greil is quoted as saying, "chatting with some of the voyagers when we heard the report of a cannon. There was great excitement on deck and men were running here and there. I asked the ship's doctor what was happening, and he replied that he didn't know. Then I went on deck myself."

"I saw through a slight fog a submarine about a hundred yards distant. It was equipped with two cannons. Forward and aft, which were being fired rapidly. I went down to my cabin to get my papers, and there found my maid who pleaded with me to save her. A cannon shot interrupted our conversation."

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